

Ain't Heard Bout You (feat. Lil Herb)

Lil Bibby

[Verse 1: Lil Bibby]

These rappers is actors, they life is in scenes (Cut, cut, cut)
You catch me in traffic, got pipes with the beams
Got so many clips that I could make a movie
Herb got the Uzi up under the Coogi
Them niggas with you they look like some goofys
Gon try to rob me, you gon have to shoot me [Verse 2: Lil Herb]
Nigga tryna rob me? That will never happen
Keep my Smith & Wesson
Hollows to his chest some one call a reverend
Taught that boy a lesson, here come 911
Step right over here check him if you ain't check him
Four nickles jam, damn he caught a blessing
Better not come through flexing all my niggas reckless
If you looking for us, just pull up on Essex [Verse 3: Lil Bibby]

I trap on the corner no matter the weather
A stack for the sweater, I trap in Margielas
Shooters they with me they pack a Baretta
She let me fuck from the back when I met her
That .357 will send you to heaven
These niggas is tellin my niggas is felons
My bitches dyking like they name was Ellen
Laughing at niggas like they name was Kevin [Verse 4: Lil Herb]
Aye, codeine what I'm sipping, gas what I'm inhaling
Posto what you smelling

Rollin up dutches in the living room got my momma yelling
Chill out, why you trippin, fuckin up my session?
Here a couple 100's go watch channel 7
Momma knew I was the man since I was 7
Therefore she don't give a damn about the present [Verse 5: Lil Bibby]

I hop on the track, you could see what I'm spitting
You niggas wouldn't believe how I'm living
I don't think they could take the heat in the kitchen
I pray my young niggas get freed out the prison
My block is hot, the police is tripping
My niggas savage, don't need a religion
I see niggas oppin then I'm going shopping
I pop out the cut then I'm squeezing and dipping [Verse 6: Lil Herb]
Hah, and we call that completing the mission

You know everywhere we go got like 2 or 3 poles
Shoot the bitches if you look suspicious[Verse 7: Lil Bibby]
Play with me, you gon sleep with the fishes
No them killers don't shoot from a distance
And them niggas ain't leaving no witness
Eat up tracks man this beat was delicious[Hook: Both]
That fuck nigga ain't gon shoot
Niggas is cappin, they say that they savage
But I ain't heard nothin bout you
That fuck nigga ain't gon shoot
They say that they trappin, they claim that they got it
But I ain't heard nothin bout you[Verse 8: Lil Herb]
Before me and Bibby had verses and show money pilling
We were just young niggas wyling
Even though I be rapping about murders and violence
When the police come, I'm silent
Louie V on my shirt, Gabana my shades
Versace my belt, I be stylin
Your bitch says she in love with my "Hot Nigga" verse
Now she sucking my dick from freestyling[Verse 9: Lil Bibby]
I'm still puttin on for my city
Fuck niggas rapping like Bibby
Still ride around with my glizzy
Pull up and do a nigga like Ricky
Said you can't get out of this game
End up murked like Caine
Y'all niggas be looking like stains
Yung Berg I'll take a nigga chain[Hook]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>